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Edric of the Forest.

A ROMANCE.

In humblest, simplest habit clad,
Nor wealth, nor power had he:
Wisdom and worth were all he had;
But these were all to me. GOLDSMITH.

HIS person was well formed, tall, and elegant; his manners graceful, and countenance lovely; the bright rays of intellectual spirit shone from his large hazle eyes, and beamed with benevolence, truth and honour. Such were the endowments of Edric the Orphan, when received into the family of Lord Dunferne, a dependent upon the Earl's bounty; and while his soul revolted at the state of dependence he had submitted to live in, love, gratitude, and his native sweetness of disposition, prevented his departure from the Castle.

It had been his fortune, while fishing one day in his early years, to save the life of the Lady Eleanor, who, passing incautiously over the natural bridge that was formed by interwoven branches of trees across the brook, missed her footing, and was plunged in the stream. Edric bore her from the water to Dunferne Castle, where, from that period, he became a welcome visitant. The death of his father, an aged peasant, now threw Edric upon the wide world, at the tender, inexperienced age of fifteen. The earl, remindful of his former service, offered his protection; an offer which the grateful tenderness of Lady Eleanor induced him to accept, and he became an inmate of the Castle.

Previous to his death, Walter, the peasant, gave into the hands of Edric a small dirk, the hilt of which was embossed in a curious manner. "My dear boy," said he, throwing his feeble arms around him, "this is all I have to bequest you:——pray Heaven you may never make use of it for the dreadful purpose by which it came into my possession. Edric, you are not my son! Years have dissolved all my tender connections, and the remnant of my days were devoted to this solitude, when chance threw you in my way. Wandering one day thro' the deepest recesses of a neighbouring forest, I heard a faint cry of distress. As I never walked unarmed, I hastened, without apprehension, to the spot, and found a soldier of no mean appearance, yet with the ferocity of the most savage ruffian, piercing the helpless bosom of an infant with this dirk. I instantly fired; the wretch fell; and snatching the child, weltering as it was in blood, from the ground, fled with it to my hut. By applying healing herbs I soon mitigated the anguish of the wound, and had the happiness to see a fine boy thrive beneath my care. Need I say, my Edric lived to repay me for the trifling trouble, by his tender, his affectionate attentions!"

The youth, affected, fell on the bosom of his more than father, and sobbed his thanks. The old man continued—

"Nature shudders to repeat the surmises I formed. The mystery of your fate is yet unravelled, and it will be most prudent in you to avoid an investigation, which Providence, for the wisest purposes, may endeavour to conceal. This dirk, and the deep scar you still bear upon your breast, may one day discover you to your parents: till then, the blessing of an old man hovers over you. Presevere in the paths of virtue, and you will one day receive your reward."

He sighed deeply, and, falling back on his pillow, expired. In the sincerity of undissembled grief, Edric mourned his loss: but the greeting smiles of Lady Eleanor, after a while dispersed his melancholy reflections, and the kindness of the Earl soothed him to tranquillity. The refined manners of the former tempered the wild hardiness he had acquired in his secluded education, and the Earl's fund of knowledge, literary and practical, was imparted to the wondering Edric, who found a new world of science burst upon him at once, yet his emulation increased in proportion to the difficulties that seemed likely to obstruct his progress: and the earl found it much easier to excite ardour in a sensible mind, than to repress it when excited. In proportion as his understanding expanded, his impatience of dependence increased, and one only consideration detained him at the Castle; this was a passion which had daily acquired additional force in his mind, for the beauteous Lady Eleanor, and which was returned on her side with equal warmth, kindled by gratitude, and cherished by the merit of the object in her heart. The Earl perceived it, and condemned his own want of caution, for mutually exposing them to the dangerous society of each other. His niece was scarce less dear to him than his orphan protegee; but a fatal promise obliged him to frustrate all their enthusiastic and romantic dreams of happiness. He sent for the youth, and extending his hand to him, while tears of tenderness started to his eyes, he told him he must no longer consider Dunferne Castle as his home. "I know," he continued, "you love my Eleanor; and it pains me to state the objection I am unwillingly forced to make. Her father, the Baron Villency, was a man of high pride and ancestry. At his death he committed this child to my care, with a solemn injunction never to

unite her fate with one of inferior rank or fortune. This promise must be fulfilled; but my Edric shall not be abandoned: she owes you her life, and it would be but a poor return to send you an outcast from those gates which have so long, to the satisfaction of their owner, inclosed you. Your country calls for your services: I will send you out a soldier of fortune, and heaven send your arm may be successful, when raised in defence of your sovereign."

Edric stood some time mute with astonishment, grief, and indignation. At length he replied——"My Lord, your words have cut me to the soul; they seem to reproach me with a treachery, which I would abhor. I own, hitherto ignorant of your engagements, and unthinking of the distinction fortune has made between us, I have dared aspire to the lovely Eleanor as the only blessing this world could afford:—that denied me, I scorn all further aid. I am not a mercenary; no bribe could tempt me to act otherwise than my innate sense of rectitude directs, or make me more assiduous in the performance of my duty. I am already more your debtor than I can support, and the weight of accumulated obligation presses heavy upon my spirits. I will depart, my Lord. Suffer me only one farewell view of her I must ever adore, and I bid adieu to Dunferne Castle for ever."

Lord Dunferne embraced him tenderly, and felt himself unable to oppose any of his resolutions: he granted his request, and at the feet of Eleanor, Edric poured forth his uninterrupted vows of unshaken fidelity, which were reiterated by her, who vowed to live for him alone. The interview becoming at length too painful on all sides, they were obliged to part. Edric buckled on his dirk, and after being prevailed on to accept a sword of considerable value, from the armoury of the Earl, departed.

He wandered to the borders, and was readily received a volunteer into the forces of Sir John Cope, who had then the command of a large body, attempting to subdue the Scottish rebels, who, in the year 1745, gave England so much alarm. He signalized himself with the greatest bravery in several skirmishes, when the unfortunate defeat of the forces, in which that brave commander lost his life, threatened him with a similar fate. He fought with a desperation that baffled all the efforts of the enemy to subdue; till, exhausted by fatigue and want of rest, he sunk, insensible to all around him, upon the earth, and was left for dead among the slain. A lethargic stupor succeeded his fainting fit, from which he awoke refreshed, but weak and famished. The shades of night were falling fast, and he roused himself to escape from such a scene of horror as was presented to his opening eyes. His clothes were wet with the blood of those who had fallen beside him, and the groans of the dying were heard from every corner of this desolated spot.

A light, glimmering through some distant trees, kindled a faint ray of hope in his cheerless breast, and as well as his feeble strength would admit, he crawled towards it. Upon a nearer approach, he found it proceeded from the turrets of a Castle; but the darkness of the night deceived him, and made the distance appear much less than it was in reality.—Knowing his life depended upon his reaching the destined spot, he exerted himself to the utmost, and arrived at the gates just as he felt a cold faintiness come over him, and he had but just time to sound the large bell, ere he relapsed into insensibility. Upon reviving, he found himself in a magnificent bed, surrounded by a number of well-dressed domestics, who attended him with the greatest assiduity.

As soon as he was a little recovered from his extreme illness, Edric begged to be acquainted with the name of his hospitable entertainer, and learned from the servants that he was now in the Castle of the Baron Waldeck, a foreigner of distinction, who had resided for many years in a remote Castle in Cumberland. An ill state of health under which the Baron laboured, had, they said, hitherto prevented his personal attendance, but hoped soon the amendment of the invalid would give him an opportunity of making his congratulations. Edric longed impatiently to be introduced to one, who had with so much politeness discharged the offices of humanity; and, as soon as returning convalescence permitted, waited on the Baron in his apartment.

Upon being first conducted into the room, Waldeck half rose, but the debilitated state of his limbs obliged him again to reseat himself, and he pointed, with an air of complacency, to a chair beside his own. His countenance was pale and emaciated, but his features were regular, and possessed a look of mild benevolence, suffering under an accumulation of misfortunes, that strongly interested Edric, whose sympathising heart was ever open to distress. This first interview was so mutually pleasing, that they agreed frequently to repeat it; and in a short time they became most intimate friends. The Baron expressing some curiosity concerning him, Edric as far as he could with prudence, gratified him; and Waldeck, in his turn, seemed desirous to place a reciprocal confidence in him.

"The present infirmities I labour under, (said he to him one day,) are not those incident to age or an impaired constitution; they are the effect of acute sufferings; miseries that admit of no alleviation—." He paused, and sighed; then continued—"This spot is endeared to me by a variety of tender recollections, yet I have not resolution to abandon it, though environed by injustice, and unmerited ignominy. I am persecuted by unknown malice, and the most heinous crimes are imputed to me by unknown calumniators, with whom I am now, and shall probably ever remain, unacquainted."

Thus encouraged, Edric urged to be further acquainted with the story of his new friend. The Baron grasped his hand——"Spare me, (he cried,) a recital so painful to my feelings:——yet you may essentially serve me, if you are so willing:—have you courage?"

Edric blushed at this unseemly question, but replied, with firmness—"If you have any occasion for my services, I think I may promise you shall never find me deficient."

"You may probably defy mortal prowess, (said Waldeck) "but are you so wholly divested of weak prejudice as to dare to cope with supernatural powers?"

Edric, unacquainted with superstition, otherwise than by name, readily assented to do whatever he deemed necessary; at the same time a faint doubt arose in his mind, that some treachery might be intended: yet the apparent openness of the Baron, and the consciousness of his own insignificance, soon eradicated all his scruples; and the hope of benefiting one who had been so generous towards him, at once determined him, and he renewed his offers of assistance with increasing warmth.

"You have to learn, then," said the Baron, "that the west wing of the Castle is reported to be haunted; noises and uncommon appearances have certainly been witnessed by my servants; in consequence of which, and some domestic troubles, my reputation has been materially injured. I have myself watched repeatedly at night, but have never been able to discover any thing satisfactory; and, however contrary to my judgment, I am obliged to coincide in the general opinion. I labour under a stigma the most distressing to a mind really innocent, and am almost inclined to wish for death as a relief to my unmerited misfortune."

His voice faltered as he spoke, and he leaned his head, for support, against the shoulder of Edric, who fervently sympathized with him, and reassured him of his readiness to watch that night in the west tower. The Baron overwhelmed him with acknowledgments; and at the hour of ten Edric stationed himself in the chosen spot. The room in which he was appointed to watch, was large, gloomy, and ill-furnished. It had been the Baron's sleeping-chamber, at the time of his first residence in the Castle; but having been obliged, from the uncommon sounds continually heard there, to abandon it; the furniture had been gradually stripped from it, and the whole so mutilated and defaced, as scarcely to retain any traces of its former magnificence. The casements had long deserted the lofty grated windows, and swallows, as well as spiders, had began to claim it as their right. A blazing fire now re-illumined the long deserted chimney, by which Edric seated himself, and the old decayed hangings waved to and fro with the draught it occasioned; the wind sighed in dismal blasts thro' the battlements, and the clock struck eleven. Edric now tasted some of the refreshments set before him by the Baron, who had been obliged himself to bring them hither, no servant being willing to approach that side of the building. His spirits, in spite of his efforts to prevent it, began to sink, and he indulged himself in mournful reflections on his beloved Eleanor; when a faint groan, not many paces from him, caught his ear: he started, listened; but all was still. Attributing it to his own lowness of spirits, he swallowed another glass of wine; examined the locks of two pistols, which lay on the table before him; replenished his lamp, and again betook himself to meditation; when a second groan effectually roused him. He sprang from his seat, and scrupulously examined every part of the apartment; but his search was fruitless, and he again returned to his chair.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

Related by Mr. Boswell to a friend.

WHEN we were on the water near Raasey, one of the boatmen, to whom the good Doctor had condescended to ask some questions relating to the fisheries, told him (with what I thought too much assurance) that no one was permitted to ask any thing about herrings, until they could answer one question. "Propose it," replied the sage. "I will, Sir, begging your honour not to take my freedom amiss,—*A herring and a half for three half-pence, how many are there for eleven pence?*"

After some seconds of dead silence, and some mutual glances of confusion, (I not daring to speak,) the Doctor, addressing himself to me, said—"It is not one of the least curious properties of the human mind..... (and here he stopped) I say, Sir, that it is a wonderful consideration"....."My good Sir," I returned, "nothing is more common than such puzzling questions; their not being answered is no disgrace, for perhaps it is impossible."—"It is highly probable," continued the Doctor, "that the answer may depend upon a series and combination of numbers, only known to those who have sought them:—we have not as yet sought them, of course, we have not found them." Then turning to the boatman, he assured him that it was not the homely terms of the proposition which lessened the consequence of it, and he might be satisfied that it should receive due attention.

However, this attention it never did receive until now. Upon my being introduced to the Doctor this morning, I found him sitting with a pile of half-pence, twelve whole herrings (not of the newest) and a half one, before him. "You come in good time," said he, "to perform our Scottish promise—I am now so clear in that arithmetical question asked us by the boatman, that I can even demonstrate the solution of it.—Attend, Sir, a herring and a half for three half-pence—upon the whole herring place a penny, upon the half one, a half-penny, thus."—"I comprehend perfectly, my dear Sir," interrupted I. "And now, upon each of the remaining eleven, put one penny. Count it correctly, and the sum will be eleven-pence. Q. E. D."

A YANKEE RETORT.

IN days of yore, two gentlemen, in New-England, of wealth, talents, and exalted rank, had, the one a son, and the other a daughter, both of very scanty brains; who, through parental instigation, intermarried. In due time after the marriage, the young lady was delivered of a son; and the old gentlemen meeting together and congratulating each other on the joyous occasion, the grand-father of the child, on the mother's side, sarcastically said to the other,—"What method can we take, brother, to prevent our grand-son from being as great a fool as his father?"—"The best I can think of," replied the other grand-dad, "is to keep him from sucking his mother."

THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

JOHNSON tells us, in his life of the great Frederic of Prussia, that his majesty's father was particularly attached to his tall regiment, and that if he met with a woman of more than common height, he consigned her to Berlin, and married her to one of his giants, intending thereby to propogate *procerity*, and procure heirs for the father's habiliments. The following circumstance proves the truth of this pompous paragraph. As the king was one day travelling incognito through Bradenburg, arrayed in a blue coat, little hat, and worsted stockings, he cast his eyes upon a young woman who was near seven feet high. Such a sight as this never escaped him, and he alighted from his horse, and caused her to be brought before him;—when finding that she was a poor shoemaker's daughter, unmarried, unengaged, and only nineteen years of age, he immediately wrote a letter to the colonel of the royal regiment of grenadier guards at Berlin, commanding him to cause the bearer to be instantly married to the tallest man in his corps, and to be present at the ceremony. This letter he delivered to the girl without informing her of the contents; but making her a handsome present, enjoined her to carry it as directed, deliver it into the colonel's own hands, and wait for an answer; this done, he proceeded on his journey. The wench, having never been at Berlin, and not suspecting the rank of the personage who gave her the letter, bargained with a little old woman in the neighbourhood to carry it. The deputy was true to her trust, and delivered the letter as directed; but the colonel on reading it was surprised; however, his majesty's orders were peremptory, and must be obeyed: the parties met, and were married, and the affair remained a mystery, until the king's return to his capital; when the first persons he wished to see, were his handsome new-married couple. He was astonished at the sight of the bride, and in great wrath demanded "How she came to practise such an abominable deceit?" The woman told him the truth, and lifting up her eyes to the ceiling, acknowledged *the kindness of providence in bringing about such a wonderful work of charity, by such unexpected means.*

REFLECTIONS.

Those who speak with the greatest precision, have the fewest ideas; those whose ideas are most numerous, are most confused. —*Hence the mistakes ascribed to the Irish people!*

What we affect to possess, points directly to what we want.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

On Chance.

—

....Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns ; next him, high arbiter,
CHANCE governs all. MILT.

THAT the poets, by personifying a number of things, introducing imaginary beings, and even creating gods, have greatly enriched their poetry, is a truth which cannot be denied; but were the question asked, Have these personifications and fictions been productive of good to mankind? in my opinion, the answer would do little honor to the poets. From whence have ghosts, silphs, and fairies, had their origin, but from poetical fiction; the songs of the bards, gave them a being, extended their empire, declared their influence, described their province in nature, marked out their attributes, and cloathed them in terror, or arrayed them in goodness.

Among the ancients, it was customary for the poets to go thro' the country, and sing, or rehearse their songs or poems: nor was this practice counted dishonorable. The father of poetry sung through all the kingdoms of Greece his admirable productions. The people heard, and the number of their gods were increased by the renown he gained from his admirable poems; temples were erected, and none of his divinities forgotten. It is worthy of attention, and although I do not remember ever to have heard the remark made, yet true, that every country has had its Homer, or prince of poets, whose songs gave birth to innumerable opinions and fictitious being. In proof of this remark, should any deem proof necessary, let the poems of Ossian, the songs of the Scandinavians, the hymns of the Gentoos, the popular tales of Arabia, and the plays of Shakespeare be consulted, and I am convinced that it will be no longer doubted. With the Greek and Latin poets it was an established rule never to introduce a god but when all other means failed.—Yet their heroes were never in distress, but the presence of some divine being was deemed necessary to extricate them.

While darkness covered the world, we need not think it strange, that such ideas should prevail; but we cannot withhold our astonishment on reading the works of Christian poets, when we see them progressing in the same path, giving dominion to imaginary beings, and nourishing popular prejudices which they ought to have exerted all their ability to destroy. They have, it is true, acknowledged that God governs all things by his general and particular Providence, and yet strange to tell, they sought for other agents, contrary to a self-evident truth, that one effect can only be produced by one agent, and that two causes cannot produce the same effect.

Milton in the lines quoted, thus brings us acquainted with a *great cause*, a governor in the realms of chaos, CHANCE; but we must not give him the credit of her creation, she was well known among the Greeks by the name of *Tuche*, and the Romans called her *Fortune*. To her they erected temples, dedicated cities, and ascribed all effects for which they were not able to find causes. It is to be regretted that ever a Christian poet called to his aid the Heathen Mythology, to give dignity to his productions; assuredly we stand in no need of fictions, since in the character and dignity of GOD, the knowledge we have of his being, excellence and perfection, we have sources infinitely more excellent, for every purpose, than those which they possessed. Yet this prejudice, flowing from ancient superstition, still prevails among us.—We hear in almost every circle "chance did this," or "effected that," "we owe it all to fortune,"—"fortune had ordered it otherwise,"—"I was saved, or protected by chance," and such like expressions.

Perhaps some may say, that *Providence* is meant by these terms; but this cannot be so; Providence is the work of Deity, by which he orders all things in this lower world, and by his infinite wisdom produceth complete harmony and perfect order; but can any of his acts be ascribed to chance? Can any thing come to pass without reason, or without a cause? If so, it must be the cause of its own existence, and at the same moment that it is the effect is also the cause,—than which nothing is more absurd. But let us enquire what is CHANCE?

CHANCE, say the ancients, is a being who acts *arbitrarily*, producing all effects of which we know not the cause. For example, a certain great painter having finished a painting of a beautiful horse, wished to express the foam at the horse's mouth, many trials were made without producing the much desired effect; at length, in a fit of despair, he threw his sponge at the piece, and by *chance* produced that which he could not do by design. Take another, a boy one day in his play dislocated a certain bone; the doctors were called, they exerted all their skill in vain, they could not reduce it to its place; after a considerable time had elapsed, the boy was again playing with his companions, when one of them pushed him violently off a high table, and strange to tell, he so fell by *chance* that the bone started into its place, and the boy was instantly cured. By these examples, the first of which has been long esteemed an eminent instance of the force of chance, and the second is as worthy of notice, the supporters of arbitrary chance wish to prove, that some things happen without any necessary or determinate cause; but thereby they betray their own ignorance. Ask the Christian philosopher, What is *Chance?* he will answer, An effect is said to be produced by chance when the cause of its production is unknown, and its appearance unexpected. Thus in the first example, we say, the foam was the effect of chance to the painter, that is, he did not intend it, nor expect it, neither did he throw the sponge with that view—yet he did every thing NECESSARY to produce the effect, the sponge was of a right weight, it was smeared with the proper colours, it was thrown with the proper force, in a right direction, and from the just distance, and therefore it was impossible but the effect should follow, because the cause was equal to its production. In the second instance, a certain force, applied in a certain direction, dislocated the bone; this effect was unforeseen, and by no means intended; yet it was the necessary result of the applied force: again, a force equally powerful, applied in a way not intended to produce any good effect, acted upon the bone, and restored it to its proper place. We see in both instances, the causes were necessary and determinate, but unforeseen and unexpected. The true meaning therefore of *Chance*, is a manner unforeseen and not expected. Agreeably to this definition, things happen to man every day by chance, that is, in a manner unforeseen and not expected. See what a chain of events took place in the history of Joseph. After he was thrown into the pit, by *chance* the Midianites passed that way at the precise time that Reuben was absent,—it was by *chance* that Reuben did not reach the pit before the sale,—by *chance* Joseph was sold to Potiphar,—by *chance* that he attracted the regard of his mistress,—by *chance* thrown into prison, and not immediately slain,—by *chance* that the Butler and Baker dreamed, and by *chance* was he made known to Pharoah. In all these instances, the definition will hold good. To all the different

agents the result was unforeseen and unexpected: yet Joseph destroys *chance* in a few words. Gen. l. 20. "Ye thought evil against me; but GOD meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive."

But some person may say, for there are still some who do not believe in the doctrine of particular Providence, is it so indeed? can you believe that in the course of events, the most minute happen necessarily, and in a determinate order? the death of a sparrow, the falling of a hair, or the straying of an atom out of its place?—This is a strange doctrine!!—To such objectors I would boldly answer, YES; most assuredly. To you I need not produce scripture authority; the words in which the objection is stated plainly prove, that in it ye have no confidence; but there is still left force sufficient by which I can combat your opinion. You appeal to reason,—to reason we will go. You believe, you say, in a God, and that he has established great and general laws for the government of his universe. You acknowledge that there is such a thing as the Attraction of Gravitation, by which bodies tend to one common centre, as far as the power of that influence extends; that this attraction, at equal distances from that common centre, is uniform in its power and effects; agreeably then to this general law, I ask, can there be any fortuitous intercourse or wandering of bodies? If so, the law is not general, and it doth not act uniformly, but acts in some cases and not in others. But you have admitted that it is a general law; therefore, bodies will not move out of their proper sphere, but will ever follow the law of attraction of gravitation, which tendency or inclination was impressed on them in the moment of their creation, by the hand of an infinitely powerful and wise Deity. Again, bodies, the most minute, are attracted, and adhere by the attraction of cohesin, so that the most minute particle of matter cannot move out of its place contrary to the laws fixed by Deity; for if a single atom could thus counteract His laws, it would be more powerful than a world, which you acknowledge is governed by general laws: therefore, in the natural world there can be no chance—not a hair can fall but in conformity to the principles of established laws,—not a sparrow can die, fall to the ground, or rise into the air, but in obedience to these laws. At what then wilt thou cavil....the moral world, you say....my dear sir, of that I have reasoned in the first part of this essay, and I have proven that there can be no Chance.

If you, therefore, have any room left, come forward in the Repository, and I shall endeavour to answer all your objections. AMICUS.

(From the Microscope.)

VISION OF MATRIMONY.

Thus up the mount in airy visions wrapt,
I stray, regardless whither.

THOMPSON.

HAVING been yesterday evening in company with a few friends, where, after much agreeable conversation on different subjects, those that were married began to rally us who were single men, for not taking wives: this turned our conversation wholly towards that important and interesting subject, MARRIAGE:—many instructive remarks were made on the various motives which actuate men and women in their several pursuits; as also, of the happiness and misery which naturally springs from their prudent or imprudent choices. Having treated the subject with much pleasantry and good humour, and not without instruction and improvement, until the evening was pretty far advanced, we parted in mutual friendship, and each repaired to his respective place of abode.

What effect the evening's conversation may have had upon the reveries of the night, I cannot pretend to determine; but I went to bed with my head full of the subject, and had no sooner stretched me on my downy couch, and yielded myself a willing subject to that all-powerful and uncontrollable potentate, *Sleep*, than I fell into the following train of thought:—

Methought I found myself insensibly transported into the most delightful valley I ever beheld; its northern side was bounded by a steep and craggy ridge that extended from East to West, as far as the ravished eye could pierce, and which was richly covered with trees, shrubbery, and evergreens; which served the different purposes of shading the valley from the piercing blasts of the frigid North, of supplying the inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and delighting the senses of the wondering beholder, with the beauty of their foliage and blossoms, the richness and fragrance of their smell. Here the hawthorn, clad in livery of the gayest green, spread forth her milk-white blossoms, gently tipt with crimson; whilst the pliant honey-suckle, twisting itself about her hospitable branches, shot forth into clusters of flowers, to add beauty to the scene, and fragrance to the fanning gale; whilst the vine, whose soul-inspiring juice nourishes the body and fires the imagination, climbed up the rocky precipices, and hung forth bunches of flowers, which served as a sure pledge of a rich and abundant vintage.

From the rugged sides of this grand boundary of the valley, numbers of crystal fountains poured forth their silver streams, which, after having dashed with much impetuosity over rocky precipices that formed many beautiful and picturesque cascades, moved gently down their pebbly courses, and by various turns and windings, watered the many verdant fields and rich fruit-trees, with which the bottom of the valley every where abounded: after which, falling into one channel in the middle of the valley, where meeting with the gentle streams from the opposite side, formed a most beautiful river, whose limpid waters produced a variety of the finest fishes, and whose flowery banks were adorned with fruit-trees of every description, in full bloom.

On the south side of the river, the ascent was more gradual; instead of shrubby precipices, which would have rendered it darksome, by intercepting the cheering rays of the sun, the ground arose by a beautiful and easy slope, to a great distance; where the view was terminated by a grove of firs clad in never-fading green, whose spiral tops seemed to reach the heavens.—At the bottom of this grove, a range of the finest pasturage spread itself in a variety of forms, and afforded nourishment to the different tribes of quadrupedes by which it was inhabited; nearer the bottom of the valley, the scene was diversified by fields of waving corn, all kinds of grain and vegetables; which promised the rural cultivators a rich and plentiful harvest: here, oaks, which for ages had mocked the wintry storm, spread forth their lofty boughs; poplars quivered in the air, and pines pierced the clouds with their leafy points; towards the river's edge the fertile soil was divided between flowery meads, and beautiful orchards, containing all kinds of fruit-trees which nature produces, vying with each other in the verdure of their foliage, and in the quantity and beauty of their blossoms.

Nature seemed clothed in all her charms—the sun was advanced near his meredian splendor—the flowers opened their tender blossoms to receive her rays—the foggy vapors fled from his presence, and the river shone under his beams, like a lake of silver.

I was charmed with music from a thousand throats—every bough was filled with melody—nothing was wanting, as I tho't, to please the eye, or charm the imagination—I was delighted with the elegance of the place, and strolled down the river's side to observe its beauties;—where I laid me down on a little rising ground, enamelled with pinks and lilies, observing with pleasure, the flowery tribes disclose their sweets to the delighted bee, and wave their fragrance to the balmy breath of spring.

I had been but a short time in this posture, when I heard a voice from a distance, which said unto me, "Stranger, arise—there is no delaying in this place—whosoever wishes to prolong his stay here is in danger of being ruined;—this valley, which you esteem for its beauty, is only the entrance to another, a thousand times more beautiful, and which has ten thousand delights, of which you can form no adequate idea, whilst you abide in this." On hearing these words, I arose from my flowery bed, and looked around to see if I could discover whence it proceeded—I observed a person coming up the valley, and approaching towards me; he was clothed in a garment of flowing white, his countenance was majestic, his eyes quick and piercing, his whole deportment shewed him to be a person of a superior order; whom seeing, I advanced a few paces to meet him, and threw myself humbly at his feet; but he, stooping down, took me by the hand, and said unto me, "Arise—for I also am a creature, and am sent on purpose to instruct you concerning this vision." At these words I arose, and having thanked him for his unmerited favour, he thus began:—

"This valley," said he, "which appears so gay, and displays so many charms, is called the valley of youth, or of single life; through which every one must pass, on their way to another, that is much more delightful, called the *Valley of Matrimony*, or conjugal felicity, of which you are already within a few paces:—and I who am that angel which was sent down to superintend, and preside over all the marriages of the inhabitants of this isle, was concerned when I saw you lay yourself down, lest you should drop asleep, and so forget what was before you—there is no natural barrier between this valley and it; but the passage is strongly guarded by centries of clergymen, who are placed behind that row of elms which you see a few paces before us, to whom every one who enters must give satifaction;—but as you are a single man, they will not grant you admittance, however, I will exert myself in your favour:—Saying this, he disappeared, and in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself by him on the other side of the row of elms.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

HAVING frequently heard it remarked, that "girls could not keep a secret," and conceiving it a very illiberal and incorrect assertion; I take the liberty of requesting, through the medium of the Philadelphia Repository, some one of the editor's well-informed correspondents, who may have adopted a similar sentiment, to assign some plausible reason (for I really cannot discover) why the females are in that respect inferior to the males.

Far be it from me, to arrogate to my sex, any property, to which they are not justly entitled: I feel really desirous, if I have embraced an erroneous opinion, by conviction, to relinquish it.

ELIZA.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Walking Dresses.

1. A round dress of thick white muslin, the body full, and drawn round the bosom, full long sleeves. A fur tippet of brown bear, and a small black velvet bonnet, ornamented with a black feather.

2. A pelice of dark silk, made quite high in the neck with a collar, and drawn close round the bosom; the back full; the pelice trimmed all round with black lace. A short dress of cambric muslin trimmed round the bottom with a narrow flounce. A straw hat ornamented with a wreath of flowers.

3. A short dress and petticoat of cambric muslin, trimmed all round with a narrow trimming of the same, a jacket of dark silk trimmed round the bottom of the waist with deep black lace. A straw hat.

4. A round dress of plain muslin, made high with a collar to button round the neck. A long cloak of purple silk trimmed round the neck and bottom with broad black lace. A bonnet of purple velvet.

The prevailing colours are purple, puce, scarlet and green. Cloaks have completely disappeared, and fur tippets and pelices trimmed with lace have taken their place. In dress, feathers are the prevailing ornaments for the head. Lace still continues to be worn in every part of the dress.

From the MSS CHRONOLOGY, *&c. of a Citizen of Boston.*

THE following account is from an officer on the *Ohio*, to his friends in Connecticut some years past: "There is an animal in this country which excites the admiration of all who have had an opportunity to view; being amphibious, it resides in the water during the day time, but at night repairs to the land in quest of prey, which are *deer*: they lie in the deer paths undiscovered, and resemble an old stump, until the deer, unaware of his enemy, passes over him. This creature immediately seizes him, and entangling him in his tail, (which is 15 feet in length) notwithstanding all the exertions of the deer to clear himself, draws him to the water, where he drowns, and then devours him. One of our men lately discovered one in the morning early with his prey, of which he informed some of the company that were nigh—they soon came up and killed him with clubs; the deer was dead, and weighed 444 pounds. These animals live in muddy creeks, where we can find no bottom. It has two heads, in shape resembling a turtle, and by the Indians called OGNAO."

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

DR. ISAAC BARROW, AND THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THE witty and licentious Earl of Rochester meeting with the great Dr. Isaac Barrow in the park, told his companion that he would have some fun with the rusty old put. Accordingly, he went up with great gravity, and taking off his hat, made the doctor a profound bow, saying, "Dr. I am your's to my shoe-tie." "The doctor seeing his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with, "My lord, I am your's to the ground." Rochester followed up his salutation by a deeper bow, saying, "I am yours to the antipodes." His lordship, nearly gravelled, exclaimed, "Dr. I am yours to the lowest pit of h—ll"—"There, my lord," said Barrow, sarcastically, "I leave you,"—and walked off.

QUESTIONS

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

1. WHAT is Attraction?
2. What is Attraction of Gravitation?
3. What is Instinct? and how is it distinguished from Reason?
4. What is the *real* cause of the Tide?

T. D.

A Perpetual Almanac.

At Dover Dwells George Brown Esquire,
Good Christopher Finch, And David Friar.

An explanation is desired, by

OLD CONTI.

MR. HOGAN,

THE following Mathematical Question was sent to me by a young friend, to amuse myself (as he says) in solving it in my liesure hours. I believe I have now puzzled myself with it as long as Archimedes did in squaring the circle, but all to no purpose; so that I am as wise with regard to this Question to-day, as I was when I first received it, which is just two years, five months, and twenty days. I understand you have Mathematical Correspondents: they would therefore do me an estimable favour to try their skill in this, and in some future paper give a solution to it.

QUESTION.

In the Fish Pond *ABCD*, there is given the side $AD=30$; $DC=35$; $CB=40$; and $AB=38$: the angle at $A=113°$, that at $B=60°$, at $C=100°$, and lastly, the angle at $D=87°$: And the Fish Pond is to be surrounded with an æra of 700, and every where of the same breadth. To find the breadth of the walk.

ASTRONOMY.

The justly celebrated Dr. Herschel conceives the sun not to be a body of solid or grossly liquid fire, as has been usually imagined, but an opaque, habitable globe, surrounded by deep, clear, harmless, luminous atmosphere; of the nature, perhaps, of the Aurora Borealis. I have, however, seen it advanced in some astronomical works, that the sun looks brightest in the centre. If this be a fact, how can it be reconciled to Dr. Herschel's theory? For if the degree of brightness depends on the quantity and depth of the sun's atmosphere, the edge and not the centre of the disk would appear brightest, for there the visual ray passes thro' the greatest quantity of atmosphere. I do not mean to dispute the existence of the solar atmosphere, called the zodiac light; but if Dr. Herschel's hypothesis be true, the sun has two atmospheres.

With regard to the lunar atmosphere—Ought we not to admit the phenomena of lunar volcanoes among the proofs of its existence? for what idea can we form of the combustible fire which has no air to feed on? [*Lond. Pap.*

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 1, 1803.

INTELLIGENCE.

DUNSTABLE, (N. H.) DECEMBER 13.

ON Saturday morning, about 8 o'clock, Timothy Hadley, aged about 18, was found dead in bed; a large quantity of froth, mixed with blood, covering a considerable part of his face, presented a shocking spectable. A young man (Charles Roby) of 21 years of age, who slept with him, appeared also in a pitiful situation, tho' living.—He was unable to speak or open his eyes, was considerably swollen, and in great distress. He was immediately removed, and medical aid was administered to him. It appeared in evidence to the Coroner's inquest on the deceased, that the young men, who slept in a small and pretty tight chamber, in which there was no fire-place, had about 9 o'clock, carried into their chamber, a kettle of lighted charcoal;—that both the young men were well when they went to bed; and that nothing appeared in their previous conduct which could raise a suspicion that they could have taken any thing to shorten life. The Jury's verdict was, that the deceased came to his death by misfortune. No doubt is entertained but it was the poisonous quality of the charcoal which affected the young men. On Saturday night, the charcoal which was not consumed, was again lighted in the chamber, and a cat shut up in it.—In the morning the charcoal was about half consumed, and the cat dead.—She appeared to have died some time before morning.—Roby is yet living—On Saturday he was entirely senseless—On Sunday morning he recovered his senses, but recollected nothing after he went to sleep on Friday night. It is expected he will recover.

Friendship esteems at valuable even the most distant likeness of a Friend.

The ingenious Mr. JOHN I. HAWKINS, has presented to C. W. Peale's Museum, an invention of a *Physiognotrace*, of so simple a construction, that any person without the aid of another, can in less than a minute, take their own likeness in profile.

This curious machine, which perhaps gives the truest outline of any heretofore invented, is placed in the Museum for the use of the Visitors who may desire to take the likeness of themselves or friends. [*Poul. Gaz.*

A Trenton paper mentions, that in the night of the 16th inst. a melancholy event occurred in the violent gale of wind which was then experienced. The Greenwich packet overset in the river Delaware nearly opposite to Billingsport, in Gloucester County. By this accident Isaac Wheaton, esq. of Cumberland County, his daughter, and a Miss Schellenger, a young lady of Philadelphia, and a young man, were all unfortunately drowned. Three others who were in the vessel, escaped by climbing upon the side, whence they were taken off by a boat which came to their assistance. Mr. Wheaton was formerly a judge in one of the Courts of the state of New-Jersey.—He had been to Philadelphia to purchase wedding-cloaths for his daughter, who was soon to be married. *Phil. Gaz.*

ROMAN METHOD OF CURING HAMS.

How to salt hams either in a tub or cask.

WHEN you have procured fresh hocks, chop off the hoofs, take for each, half a bushel of Romanian salt, bruised, and spread it at the bottom of the tub or cask. Put in a ham with the skinny side downwards, and cover it completely with salt. Then lay another upon it, and cover it in the same way. Take care that flesh do not touch flesh. Cover all your hams in the same manner; and when you have settled them properly in the vessel, spread salt over all, so that no part of any of the hams shall appear; smoothing the surface neatly. When they have been five days in pickle, take them out, brine and all; and replace them, putting those at the bottom that before lay uppermost, covering them, and treating them as at first. At the end of twelve days, take out the hams, wipe off the salt, and hang them up in a current of air for the space of two days. On the third day cleanse them thoroughly with a sponge, anoint them with oil, hang them in the smoke two days, and on the third, take them down, and rub them well with oil and vinegar mixed.—You may then hang them up in your store-room;—neither maggot nor weevil will touch them.

Windsor, Vermont,

ON the 18th inst. at sun-rise, the Thermometer was at 24 degrees below 0, or 56 below freezing point!

ON the 26th August, there was the most dreadful storm of thunder and lightning ever experienced, at Malaga. So strong was the electrical fluid, that the bells in the churches rung as loud as if pulled by the rope. The torrents of rain from the mountains were so great, that they carried every thing before them. There is an old bed of a river near the town, which has been long dry, and on which many houses, stables, &c. have been built. All these, with four men, several children, sixteen oxen, thirteen mules, thirty-eight swine, and ten waggons, were forced into the sea. The bridge in the town was broken, and the ships in port were driven out. The damage is said to be very considerable.

[*Lon. pap.*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 25th ult. Mr. *James Oldden*, of this city, merchant, to Miss *Deborah Tallman*, of Mansfield, New-Jersey.

———, on the 26th inst. by the Rev. Bishop White, Capt. *Thomas Fullerton*, to the amiable and accomplished Miss *Ann Monsirr*, both of this city.

———, On the 27th, by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. *John Hodgens*, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss *Ann Stewart*, of Germantown.

———, On the 28th, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Lodowick Sprogell*, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss *Margaret Jenkins*, of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, at Marcus Hook, (Del. C.) on the 21st inst. *Mathias Kerlin*, sen. aged 84.

——, On the 23d, *Mrs. Edwards*, wife of Mr. Edward Edwards.

——, Lately at Cape Francois, the Commander of the Polish troops at St. Domingo.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY

MR. HOGAN,

I have recently read some sarcastic pieces against the Female Sex: and I am not a little surprised to find writers of talent, so forgetful of their own dignity, and so regardless of their own self-satisfaction, as to be led away by Vanity and the *cacoethes scribendi*,—merely because, forsooth, they can say "smart things against the women." Every attempt to depreciate the excellence, or be-little the consequence of that important half of creation, from which the happiness of the other half must flow, betrays, in my opinion, a weak head, or a wicked heart, if not both together. Of an opposite head, heart, and mind, however, appears the author of a piece of prose, written about a century ago; which, on account of the sentiments it contains, I have thrown into verse, in order that (if deemed worthy) it may obtain a place in the Repository. When weighing the virtues and vices of an individual, or class of people, the balance should be impartial—Volunteer writers daily enlist themselves against the Fair, whose foibles, imperfections, faults, &c. consequently make all for one scale: Now, tho' I am no writer, I am induced to throw my mite, such as it is, into the other scale; and shall, therefore, occasionally send you communications like the present.

ALEXIS.

THE CHARMS OF THE FAIR SEX:

AN IMITATION.

THE last form'd being on this earthly ball,
Was Woman, lovely Woman! pride of all:
Who hence, most perfect and accomplish'd stands,
Of all the work of the Creator's hands.
In her fair frame, inspiring soft delight,
The beauties of the universe unite
In all their finest blooms, combining thence
The height of ev'ry peaceful excellence.
All the amazing blissful harmony
Of earth and heav'n, that charms the raptur'd eye,
Shine in her shape conspicuous:—in her meet
The whole creation gloriously complete.
Then Paradise in full perfection show'd,
And Adam's heart, which with strange transports glow'd,
In joyful admiration of a form
So fair, whose beauties all his bosom warm,
Adoring bless'd and prais'd, in strains sincere,
The great Creator for his partner dear.
As beauteous Woman was Man's richest prize,
And only creature form'd in Paradise;
So, in her composition, half divine,
Did ev'ry charm and sweetness blend and shine.
The modest Rose, the Lily's spotless hue,
The am'rous Woodbine, and the Violet blue,
Mingled, in her, their odours and their bloom,
To make one perfect rapturous perfume:
Her person's motion delicately vies
With sentiments that in her soul arise;
And, all her charms conspiring, loud declare
"The miracle of Nature is the Fair."
Unto her all-commanding sweetness low
Grave Wisdom's self must oft submissive bow,
And Reason too, obedient to her love,
Her sceptre yield to Beauty's magic pow'r.
When Beauty mourns, all nature weeps around,
And ev'ry human breast, in sorrows drown'd,
Melts into tender sympathies; but lo!
When Beauty smiles, all hearts with gladness glow,
While Nature in the joyous feelings shares,
And ev'ry face the pleas'd impression wears.

To Woman were these rich perfections giv'n,
With all their fascinating pow'rs, by Heav'n;
To raise, enkindle, cherish and improve,
Within Man's heart, the sacred flame of Love
Their duty and their end, since time began,
Is Sacred Love, first principle in Man:
That all-inspiring, all-connecting tie,
Being to being links, and earth to sky;
And, when its temp'ral part it shall resign,
Shall join its parent source in worlds divine.

ALEXIS.

MR. HOGAN,

Having lately met with the following beautiful little ODE written by Mr. LOWTH, I send it to you, requesting some of your literary friends to favour the readers of the Repository with a Translation.

TUIS Jacobe quantus est castris decor:
Tuis que signis, Israel:
Ut rigua vallis fertilem pandens sinum;
Horti ut scatentes rivulis;
Sacris Edenæ costi ut in sylvis virent,
Cedrique propter flumina.
Illi uda multo rore stillant germina,
Fœtusque alunt juges aquæ.
Sancti usque fines promovebit imperi
Rex usque victor hostium.
Illum subacto duxit ab Nilo Deus,
Novis superbum viribus,
Qualis remotis liber in jugis oryx
Fert celsa cœlo cornua.
Vorabit hostes, ossa franget; irritas
Lacerabit hastas dentibus.
Ut Leo recumbit: ut leænas decubat;
Quis audeat lacessere?
Quæ quis que tibi precabitur, ferat bona;
Mala quæ precabitur luat.

X. W. T.

SONG,

Written for the last Anniversary of American Independence, and sung by the Philadelphia Blues.

TUNE—Hail Liberty supreme delight.

BEHOLD the glorious morn arise,
Which gave Columbia birth,
With splendor gilds the glowing skies,
And sheds its light on earth.

CHORUS.

We'll hail with songs of joy the day,
Which made Columbia free,
From Slav'ry's vile detested sway,
And gave us liberty.

Hail, freemen, hail the happy time!
Let transport fill your souls;
Freemen of ev'ry varying clime,
"From Indies to the poles."

CHORUS. We'll hail, &c.

Let joy thro' ev'ry patriot heart,
Spread her extatic reign,
And not a sorrow rise t' impart,
To any freeman pain.

CHORUS. We'll hail, &c.

With pleasure let us dedicate,
This day to Liberty,
Which firmly fix'd COLUMBIA's fate,
And bade her sons be free.

CHORUS. We'll hail, &c.

Let faithful Mem'ry call to mind,
Our fathers' deeds of fame,—
Nor to forgetfulness consign'd,
Shall be one patriot name.

CHORUS. We'll hail, &c.

Their mighty deeds we'll emulate,
And guard our happy land;
Protect our laws, or share the fate
Of Leonidas' band.

CHORUS. We'll hail, &c.

But while the olive-tree displays,
Her blossoms to the sun,
In peace we'll pass our happy days,
Until our course is run.

CHORUS. We'll hail, &c.

Columbia, daughter of the skies,
Great, happy, brave and free.
Triumphant shall thine empire rise,
And spread from sea to sea.

CHORUS. We'll hail, &c.

Th' admiring world shall learn from thee,
Fair Liberty to prize,
Burst ev'ry chain, set captive free,
And to true glory rise.

CHORUS. We'll hail, &c.

JOHN KARNIGHOLTENFELDEN,
A CITIZEN OF PHILADELPHIA.

SELECTED.

ODE TO THE MOON,

BY AN ARABIAN LOVER.

ADDRESSED TO STELLA.

CYNTHIA, fair regent of you azure space,
Seize thy bright reins, and chase the ling'ring gloom,
Darkling I haste to STELLA's lov'd embrace,
Whose lips are roses, and whose breath perfume.

As through the boundless wilderness I rove,
Beneath this robe no murd'rous falchion gleams,
To stain with blood this unpolluted grove,
And blot the brightness of thy virgin beams!

Ah no! where dwells thy influence, mighty love,
No savage thoughts, like these, the breast invade:
Thou canst to pity the wild Arab move,
And wrest from his fierce grasp th' uplifted blade.

This bosom beats not with impure alarms,
But burns with fires as bright, as chaste as thine;
I pant to fold her in my bridal arms,
Loose her light vest, and call perfection mine.